Dr. Horn Reaches Utah

THINKS MOUNTAIN SCENERY GRAND.

Describes Trip from Denver to Salt Lake City, by way of Pueblo.—Visits Cave of the Winds, on Pike's Peak.

Concluded from last week.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 14, 1902.

As we approached the summit of the Rockies, the air became more rare and with many breathing became difficult. One portly man afflicted with asthma was almost overcome. In fact, at one time he was pronounced beyond hope of recovery, and it was even announced by the physician that he was dead, but behold him recover as the descent was being made, and a real man remains as a subject snatched almost from the hands of the undertaker.

Much there is on a mountain journey to interest, much to call forth expressions of surprise and appreciation.

The geologist may here revel in glee as he observes unmistakable evidences of the earth's formation and age. As the train enters the canon of the Grand river, one can do little else than remain quiet and drink in as much beauty as his little cup will hold, and then close his eyes because of his inability to comprehend the scene.

Mr. Warman paid the following poetic tribute to the Canon of the Grand:

When I rhyme about the river—the laughing, limpid stream,
Whose ripples seem to shiver as they glide and glow and gleam;
Of the waves that beat the boulders that are strewn upon the strand,
You will recognize the river in the Canon of the Grand.

When I write about the mountains with their heads so high and hoar,
Of cliffs and craggy canons where the waters rush and roar,
When I speak about the hills that rise so high on either hand,
You recognize the rock-work in the Canon of the Grand.

God was good to make the mountains, the valleys and the hills,
Put the rose upon the cactus and the ripple on the rills.
But if I had all the words of all the world at my command,
I couldn't paint a picture of the Canon of the Grand.

Passing many points of interest, let us pass over the less elevated Wasatch range and enter Salt Lake City, the City of the Saints. This city is known the world over on account of its being the Zion of Mormonism. Converts to the faith from nearly every nation flock here to spend their last days at this Mecca. On Sunday afternoon I joined the throng that hurried to the great turtle shaped tabernacle erected by Brigham Young, and heard two sermons, supposed to set forth the excellencies of Mormonism, but which in my opinion were very weak utterances of the most trivial trash. The first speaker said he had been a mormon for fifty years, but the number of wives he had domiciled during that time and still lived he neglected to state. He was bald headed as a broom handle; his moustache as grey as the frosts of Greenland's icy shores, yet he was very presentable, and no doubt had been the center of affection of many a blooming maiden who was willing to show her unselfishness by sharing the queenly position of wifehood with as many other heroines as his fancy and purse might attract within his threshold. He tried to pursuade his auditors, numbering about 8,000, that Mormonism is a divine institution because when their crops fifty years ago were about to be destroyed by crickets, the Father sent gulls to destroy the pesky crickets and the crop was saved. His reasoning was lame. Those identical gulls also ate the crickets that molested the grazing grounds of the Indians who were after Mormon scalps, hence according to the speaker's own logic, the savagery of the Indians must have been divinely appointed and maintained because of the mission of the gulls.

The second speaker's story was as faulty as that of the first speaker. The story of either held water about like a fish net. The main point set forth by the latter and lyounger Cicero of the platform was that the Mormon revelation was up-to-date, having come to earth little more than fifty years ago through Joseph Smith, et al. Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were pictured as angels shorn of their wings. He did not refer to Brigham Young's multitudinous wives as angelesses because the least imaginative mind has no difficulty in observing the Bee Hive in a turmoil as the pillow fights between favorite wives filled the air with the downy white of birds slaughtered to feed the preacher apostle, who no doubt went into hiding at the outset of each fracus to avoid sitting as a board of arbitration to decide upon the merits of the case.

Whatever is said in criticism of Mormonism, and a book-full can be marshalled against it, it nevertheless remains true that some things may be said in its favor. It has been the chief agent in transforming a desert wild into a beautiful city of 65,000 souls.

Salt Lake City, the child of Mormonism, has 100 miles of streets, each 132 feet wide, and the blocks are 660 feet square. In the heart of the city stands the temple built at a cost of $5,000,000. Its towers and minarets rise 215 feet above the ground, and can be seen for miles. None but the elect are permitted to enter the temple, and it is thought that some are curious enough to accept the faith in order to get a glimpse of the interior of that stately temple. The turtle-shaped tabernacle, accommodating 10,000 people, is only a few rods distant, and is pronounced one of the most unique structures in America. In company with a friend, I visited the tabernacle before the hour for service, and though it is 250 feet long, a pin dropped by the side of the great organ could be heard distinctly in the rear of the room. Its acoustic properties are said to be unequaled anywhere. The pipe organ contains 5,500 pipes and cost $115,000 being the second structure in value in the world. A chorus of 500 voices sings at each service, offering a drawing card to the LOST to come and hear the TRUTH according to Joseph Smith.

About 16 miles from Salt Lake City is the Great Salt Lake, 100 miles long and 60 wide, and 4,218 feet above sea level. "Salt Air," a mammoth bathing pavilion, has been constructed about 2,000 feet from shore at a cost of $350,000, including the electric light plant. This structure has the reputation of being unsurpassed in the wide world.

Bathing here is a luxury. One may float to his heart's content for it is impossible to sink. The water is heavily charged with salt, and when once tasted will never be forgotten. The lake is 10 feet lower than it has been known for years. Old settlers are authority for the statement that it rises and recedes once in seventeen years. It is now at low tide, a condition which forces bathers to walk about half a mile to deep water, whereas, formerly one could leap from the grand pavilion into seven feet of water.

E. C. HORN.

Terminal Not Yet Arranged.

"You have discovered a new disease, have you, doctor? What are you going to call it?"

"That is a matter requiring some thought," responded the eminent medical specialist. "I have decided upon a name so far as the first three or four syllables are concerned, but have not made up my mind yet whether to classify it as an 'itis' or an 'osis.'"—Chicago Tribune.

All He Needed.

Ascum—I hear that French count your wife and daughter met abroad is going to visit you.

Richman—Yes; I believe he is.

Ascum—Better take French lessons, hadn't you?

Richman—Oh, I'm fixed. I got a professor to teach me how to say, "Sorry, but I have made it a rule never to lend money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Word Too Much.

She—You're not paying attention to May Roxley nowadays.

He—No; she had entirely too much to say to suit me.

She—Really?

He—Yes; she said "No."—Washington Star.

Friendship you have to buy is dear at any price.—Chicago News.

How to Keep Young.

One of the secrets of keeping young, vigorous and supple jointed is to continue to practice the activities of youth and to refuse to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by its suggestion of age limitations. If men like Peter Cooper and William E. Gladstone, who kept up the vitalizing exercises of robust manhood when far into the eighties, had succumbed at forty to the thought of approaching age, how much of their valuable life work would have remained undone!—Success.

A Surety.

"Somehow," said the girl in blue, "I can't help wishing I had accepted him."

"Why, dear?" asked the girl in gray.

"Why, he swore that he'd never be happy again, and I'm afraid he is."

"Ah, yes," commented the girl in gray reflectively. "As matters are now you can't be sure that he isn't, but if you'd married him you could make sure of it."—Chicago Post.

Depends on Circumstances.

She—Do you regard marriage as a necessity or a luxury?

He—Well, when a man marries a cross eyed girl who says silly things, whose nose turns up at the end and whose father is worth about $2,000,000, I should say it was a necessity.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Matter For Wonder.

Mrs. Peck (who has returned from Niagara)—I stood speechless—

Mr. Peck—Wonderful, wonderful! (To himself)—I wonder how Niagara did it?—Detroit Free Press.

THE SENSE OF SIGHT

HOW AN INFANT SLOWLY LEARNS TO EXERCISE IT.

At First the Newborn Babe Has the Power Only to Distinguish Between Light and Darkness—The Development of the Power of Vision.

The sense most early exercised by the newborn infant is the sense of sight, but at first it has the power only to distinguish light from darkness and is in comparison with its later development blind, while in many of the lower creatures the senses are at birth fully developed.

What a difference there is between the dull eye of the newborn infant and the sharp vision of the young chick, which is able to pick up with precision a grain of corn or even snap up a fly while the eggshell may be still sticking to its back! The eye of the infant, however, is developed very gradually, and during infancy and childhood it learns how to see. In the first few days it notices the difference between light and darkness when the light is very intense, and it may even knit its brow in sleep if a bright light be brought close to its face.

On the same principle a striking bright color will also be noticed when held close to the face.

In all these cases, however, the infant follows the object by turning its head and not by the movement of the eyes.

The eyelids open and shut from birth, but they are not always moved at the same time with the movements of the eyeballs until the infant has reached the second or third month. Under two or three months of age infants do not wink when the hand or an object is waved before the face, because they do not see the hand distinctly.

One of the remarkable points of interest in the development of the infant's power of vision is the way in which it learns to appreciate the objects seen. It has to learn to discover the distance of objects, their shape, size, character, etc., and this it does with the assistance of the sense of touch.

The face of the mother or nurse is made familiar in that it is brought so close to the infant's face.

After the infant has learned to see objects distinctly at the distance of several feet it begins to use both eyes in common. At first the eyes act independently of each other, so that it undoubtedly has double vision and sees everything double. This double vision can be produced by many at will by looking "cross eyed."

The infant having reached the point when it sees an object clearly, it must also begin to understand objects of three dimensions—that is, to find out the difference between a flat surface and a solid body. Here the sense of touch also assists. The infant grasps an object and, putting it to its lips and face, satisfies itself as to the shape, character, etc.

It is interesting in this connection to note some cases in which a person born blind recovers sight when grown.

In one case a young man who had lost his sight in early infancy was so completely blinded that he could not distinguish even the strongest light from darkness.

After on operation on one eye had been successfully performed he began to see objects without understanding them—not being able to judge their distances from his eye—and he felt as if everything was touching his eye, so that to touch an object he at first would put one finger or the hand up before his face, pointing at the object aimed at, and reach forward until his finger came in contact with the object.

After he had recovered the use of both eyes he began to find out that everything was not flat, but that many things had a certain thickness as well as length and breadth, and in this way he began to see solid objects.

But even for a year or two after complete recovery he was unable to decide whether a certain figure was a flat surface, as in a painting, or a solid body.

He was also obliged to learn the different animals and objects, not knowing the difference between a cat and a dog until he had touched them.

We all go through just the same process of learning how to see in infancy. The child may be two or three years, or even older, before it has control over its eyes and can judge of the distance of objects in the room, etc.

The care of the eye is a question of great importance for mothers and nurses. The eyes of newborn infants should be carefully washed with fresh, clear water, and if anything unusual is noticed the physician should be seen. The infant's eyes are specially to be protected against too bright a light. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see a nurse wheeling a young infant in the carriage while the bright sun is pouring into the child's eyes. This does not argue against taking infants into the sun when the weather is not too warm, but the eyes should always be protected against the bright glare, whether direct or reflected.

He Wasn't One of the Two.

Uncle George—You are always complaining about your wife's bad temper, but you know it takes two to make a quarrel.

Harry—In this case the two are my wife and my wife's mother.—Boston Transcript.

Overplayed Themselves.

"Confound it!" exclaimed the sallow dyspeptic in the fifth row, under his breath. "We've overdone the applause. Instead of merely coming out and bowing her thanks, she's going to sing again."—Chicago Tribune.

Child labor is an undesirable "infant industry."—Boston Herald.

FACTS CONCERNING SLEEP.

Even a Midday Nap Is Better Than the Noon Meal.

The scholar and professional man, like the anxious housewife, is apt to carry his cares to bed, and insomnia becomes a curse. Men and women who are busied in getting and gaining, the merchant, the banker, all alike, fail to secure that self control which can manage the mind as well asleep as awake.

Normal sleep should be purely a physiological repose similar to the rest of animals, who go to sleep with the darkness and awake with the light. Some one has said that sleep is like hunger and thirst, representing a diminution of energy throughout the entire body. I hardly think this can be true, but in my judgment sleep rather suggests the diminution of the energy of the brain, and he is a wise man who takes the hint when brain fag sets in of an evening and goes comfortably and properly to bed.

Of course it goes without saying that night is not the only time for sleep. Men and women who are busy could steal just a few minutes before or after the noonday luncheon to catch a little nap, and, indeed, I am nearly sure that the noonday nap is worth far more than the noonday meal, for the digestive processes are surely hindered during the periods of mental activity, and it is the exceptional person in this busy world of ours who is not called upon to use all his brain and brawn to make a living. It has been my habit to advise mothers to steal a while away from every "cumberous care" and, even if sleep fails to be wooed, to take about twenty minutes every day in absolute peace and quietness, diverting the mind from all anxieties and relaxing all the muscles. A habit of this kind is easily acquired, and we might have fewer neurasthenic women, whose nerves make life hideous to their families, if a word like this, spoken from considerable experience, were heeded.—Pilgrim.

THE PIANO TUNER.

Why He Left In a Hurry After Finishing His Job.

A lady stepped into a piano warerooom recently to engage a tuner, but before doing so insisted upon the strongest assurance that the tuner was responsible. She was so determined that the manager became curious to know the reason for her disbelief in the reliability of tuners. She gave her experience with the last tuner she had, and this is the story as she told it:

He had finished tuning the piano when he looked up and said:

"Your instrument was in awful condition. You ought to have sent for me sooner."

"It was tuned only three months ago."

"Then the man who did it certainly didn't know his business."

"No?"

"No, ma'am. He had better be doing street cleaning than tuning pianos. Why, my dear madam, a delicate instrument like a piano needs fingers equally delicate to handle it, combined with an ear of unerring accuracy. The individual who attempted to tune this instrument last evidently possessed neither of these. In fact, I am free to say he did it more harm than good."

"Indeed."

"Indeed he did. May I ask who it was who so abused your instrument?"

"It was yourself."

"Madam, you are wrong. I never tuned a piano in this house before."

"Probably not, but you tuned that instrument nevertheless, or made a botch of it in attempting to do so. It belongs to Mrs. Jones, who sent it here while she is out of town. She told me you always had tuned it and to send for you when"—

But the unhappy man fled with such haste as to make his coattails a good substitute for a card table.—Philadelphia Musician.

Difficulties of Our Language.

A Frenchman came to England to learn English, and the following sentence was given him:

"The rough cough and hiccough plough me through." The teacher told him the first word was pronounced ruff. He thereupon said this: "The ruff cuff and hiccuff pluff me thruff."

"No, no, the second word is pronounced 'koff.'"

"Then," said the Frenchman, "it must be the roff coff and hiccoff ploff me throff."

The third, fourth and fifth words were explained with the same result, which the reader may repeat for himself.—London Express.

Too Much.

Mrs. Marryat—Mamma is talking of closing her house and coming to live with us. Do you think you could support both of us?

Mr. Marryat—My dear, I can support you very nicely now, but I'm afraid your mother would be insupportable.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Added Attraction.

"No, indeed," said the crafty agent to the bride and bridegroom. "Our company does not prohibit kissing on the platforms, and, besides, I would call your attention to the fact that we have more and longer tunnels than any other railway in the world."—Baltimore American.

No Comparison.

"That New York girl was awful mad when I asked her if she was from Boston."

"I'll bet she wasn't half so mad as the Boston girl whom I asked if she was from New York."—Life.

Forest covers 36 per cent of Russia's total area, or, in all, 464,500,000 acres. In other words, there are four acres of forest to every inhabitant of Russia.

Victor Lodge, Number 10, Knights of Pythias.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at Bell's hall. Visiting members in the city cordially invited to attend.

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